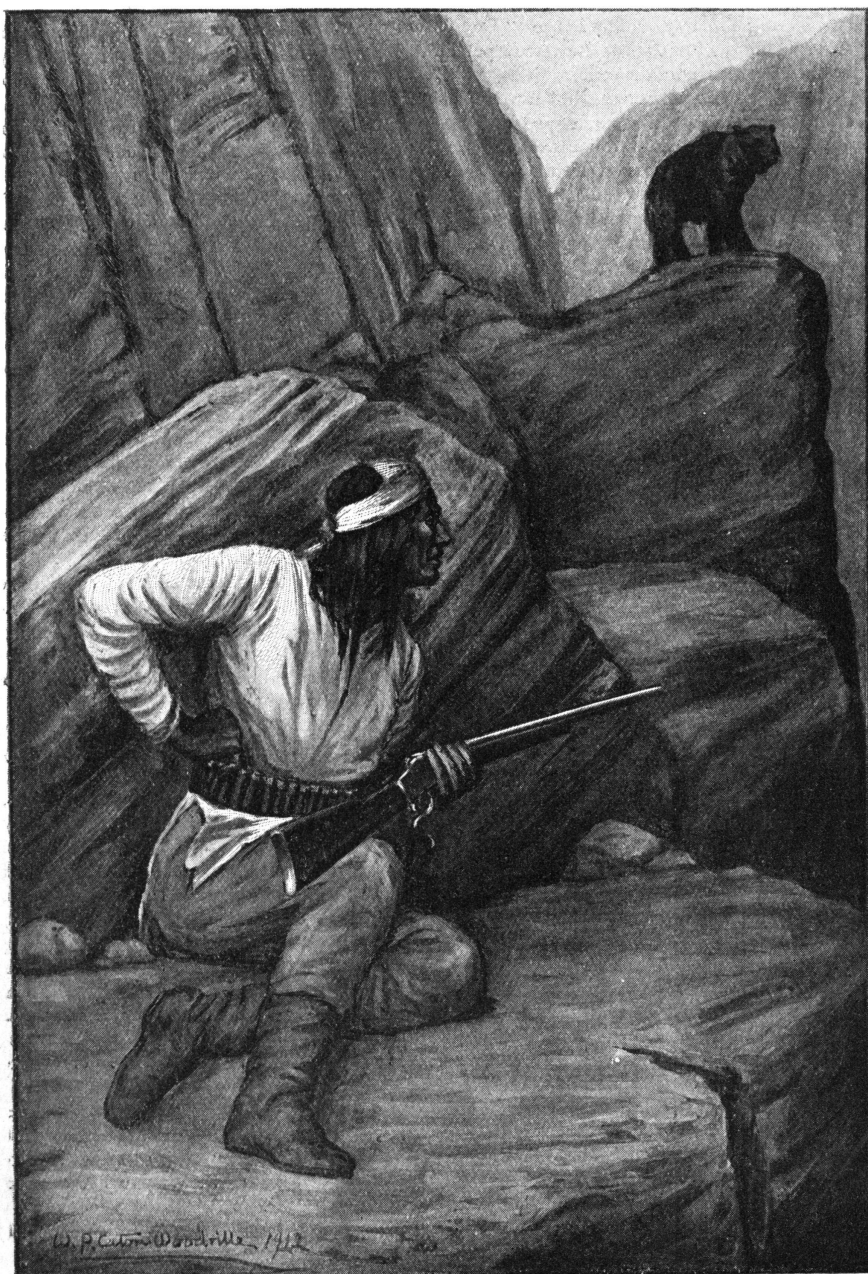


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A WAITING GAME.

(Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by W. P. CATON WOODVILLE.)

## Between the Two:

A STORY OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL  
LIFE.

By SERCOMBE GRIFFIN,

Author of "The Mad Yacht,"  
"A Goorkha's Kookri," "The Dumb Chief," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.—THE RESCUE.

DONALD ARMSTRONG returned from the "Devil's Cave" to make search for his father, who was out visiting a poor patient. The length of Dr. Armstrong's visits did not vary according to the amount of the fees: he was with the poor man for some considerable time, while Donald waited at the door.

Dr. Armstrong was surprised to find his son waiting for him. "You did not bring Cyril to tea—why?" he asked quietly.

"Because he and fourteen others are lost in the 'Devil's Cave,'" responded Donald.

"Not a nice place for a night's lodging," remarked the Doctor coolly, as he stepped into his carriage, followed by his son. "However, they may have returned by now; we will drive to the Falklands, and enquire."

But neither parents nor son were at home, only a certain faithful domestic named Martha.

Cressington's house had to be visited, therefore. Mrs. Cressington was much perturbed—where was her dear Rupert?—what! in the "Devil's Cave" indeed!—she must go and find him at once—Death had robbed her of her husband—surely her son would not be torn away from her.

The poor widow idolised Rupert, the one child left to remind her of the husband who had been killed in a frontier raid in Northern India. Remembering that terrible evening when she waited on the battlements of the little fort, listening to the distant firing, and a sowar had galloped up with the news of her loved one's death, the poor nervous lady conjured up the worst possible pictures of her son's sad fate—fallen down a disused shaft—crushed beneath a heavy fall of stone—lost in some distant, undiscoverable passage.

Mrs. Cressington insisted that immediate search be made for the missing boys. Seeing that she was in an hysterical condition, the Doctor delivered her over into his wife's hands; and then Donald and he set to work to get together a search party.

In the midst of the preparations Mr. and Mrs. Falkland appeared; they had strolled round to enquire as to this latest scrape of their son. They were surprised at nothing, they said, and even yawned when Mrs. Cressington painted the terrible experiences the boys might be undergoing.

"Well, it's really his own fault," said Mrs. Falkland, as it dawned on her there really might be a tragic sequel to the cave adventure.

Meanwhile Dr. Armstrong had been busy, and before very long the rescue-party were ready to start out. The party consisted of Dr. Armstrong, Mr. Falkland, Mr. Higgs (manager of some local quarries, and therefore expected to possess expert knowledge of caves), Donald, the coachman, the stable-boy, and three sturdy workmen. If unsuccessful in their search, they were to be followed at 6 A.M. next morning by a second party led by Dr. Brice, father of the boy whose singing powers had been utilised by Cressington.

The first party set out, fully equipped, medically and otherwise. With difficulty Mrs. Cressington was induced to remain behind, and then only on the understanding that it was necessary to make preparations for the lost boys' return—hot blankets—warm drinks—hot water bottles—bedroom fires, etc., etc.

The party were trudging over the downs, headed by John the coachman and his carriage lamp.

"The silly little donkeys will have had their fill of caves by this time," remarked Mr. Falkland, removing his cigar from a central to an angular position between his lips.

The doctor did not appear to take a serious view of things, and chimed in with Mr. Falkland's rosy forecast of a short search; but Donald, who understood his father well, detected a strong undercurrent of anxiety beneath the cloak of light raillery he assumed for the occasion.

"Yes, I expect," said the doctor, "you will only need, in future, to mention caves, and every one of those lost cave-explorers will cry '*Cave!*' in response."

"I say, father, you aren't in form, or you wouldn't make such an awful pun."

"Well, Donald, you're in form—Form Six, I believe—so just cap my joke."

"I should say that—"

What Donald would have said was never known, for Mr. Higgs, very nervous as to his son's danger, struck in with an anxious query as to whether the dampness of the cave would not be likely to give the poor boys pneumonia.

"The youngsters will be quite all right," said the doctor cheerily. "At worst, they will get water on the brain—or, rather, drippings on their caps."

Mr. Higgs was too anxious to comprehend a joke, he simply asked another question: "Do you think we shall find them promptly?"

"Probably meet the young imps coming out, Mr. Higgs, so please don't be needlessly worried."

"But, Dr. Armstrong," responded Mr. Higgs, "I know something of these oolitic caves, how their galleries run for miles and miles through the strata without any apparent system. What complicates our search is the fact that Britons and Romans have both dabbled in stone-quarrying in the 'Devil's Cave,' and have tunnelled cross passages. Also, tradition has it that in prehistoric times this very cave was the home of a strange cave-dwelling community."

"Tut—tut!" responded the doctor impatiently. "It is a great waste of brain energy to fume over possibilities that never become more than possibilities. I only trust the young explorers have not already made their exit, and dodged past us in the dark. I don't like searching for lost parties who have prematurely found themselves. . . . Ah! we have arrived. John, go ahead with your lamp."

The relief party entered the "Devil's Cave," bending low to pass the narrow portal, and the search commenced.

It will be remembered that at a certain point the Cressington expedition had reached a spot where the cave floor had sloped up to the cave roof, and Warden had too hastily announced the exploration ended, since the passage went no farther.

"John" made a similar report, as he led the relief party up to the place; so far they had followed the identical course taken by the lost boys. "John" weighed fifteen stone, wherefore he considered the opening before him a mere slit unworthy of notice—at least for such as he. Cressington had suggested a farther advance as possible; so did Dr. Armstrong. Mr. Falkland, who followed "John," upheld the coachman's verdict however, and said that the party had no choice but to retrace their steps, and explore thoroughly the side passages they had passed on their way.

Mr. Higgs, feverishly anxious, made a hasty survey, and upheld the suggestion of Mr. Falkland. So the party, little imagining how serious a mistake had been made, turned back and made futile examination of many side passages.

The party persevered, but all to no purpose; it was a trying nightmare of a task, stumbling over endless stony floors, shouting till they were hoarse, and achieving nothing. At 6 A.M. Dr. Armstrong ordered a return to the cave's mouth, as had been arranged. Dr. Brice's party awaited them, as agreed upon.

Donald Armstrong, looking fatigued but square-jawed, begged that he might be allowed to continue the search with the second party.

"I ought to have taken proper care of poor young Falkland," said he. "I must go on until he's found. I know you won't forbid me, Dad; I must find him."

So it was settled that Donald Armstrong should continue with the second party. Mr. Higgs also insisted on persevering in the search for his lost son. The party was, therefore, a rather large and cumbersome one, but there were anxious fathers who would not be gainsaid.

Mrs. Cressington had accompanied the others to the cave's threshold, and with difficulty was she dissuaded from joining in the search for "her Rupert." It was quite a task for Dr. Armstrong to induce the

poor hysterical lady to return, and in Mrs. Armstrong's company await news of the missing boys.

There was no mistake made this time at the critical point. Donald Armstrong pressed forward to assure himself that the cave floor really did not meet the cave roof, and thus prevent farther progress.

"Stop!" he cried, as the party were about to retrace their steps. "The passage does not end here, Dr. Brice. See, I can squeeze myself through the hole. . . . Come on! The passage is big enough for a giant."

Armstrong may have spoken truly as to there being standing room for a giant on the farther side of the gap, but Mr. Peters—much less a giant—could not have sufficiently compressed his corpulent frame as to reach the ampler space beyond. So while, the party, by means of a little pressure, a little clothes-tearing, a little wriggling, and a little squeezing, managed to proceed, Mr. Peters, much lamenting, returned slowly, puffing like a grampus, to the cave mouth.

The party went forward into the vitals of the cave without further difficulty. In turns the members of the relief party shouted, but no answering hail greeted them. "I hadn't the slightest conception of the vastness of this cave," said Mr. Higgs, as they reached the vaulted cavern which Cressington had lit up with his magnesium ribbon. "I doubt if many people have squeezed through that small aperture and reached this wonderful cave-chamber. We might search for hours, days, and not find my—the boys."

"See here!" cried Captain Sneider, a sea-captain uncle who had made himself responsible for the upbringing of his orphaned nephew. "Here's a banana skin. It's been thrown down here within twelve hours. We are on their tracks. Look handy with 'the siren'—shout!"

A tremendous chorus echoed through the passages, leaving a silence that was of pin-drop intensity, for every one was listening, ears strained to catch the slightest sound: an exploding bomb was as likely to fall unheard as a pin.

But there was no answering hail, only stillness and the drip of water into a solitary puddle.

The banana skin had raised fresh hopes, and the many passages were systematically explored under Dr. Brice's directions. Thrice the passages only circled round to join others which led back again to the large central cavern. The fourth passage explored seemed to give greater promise of repayment for trouble taken. An arrow was found, recently scratched on the cave wall with a piece of chalk. Captain Sneider's keen eyes had detected it, and he called for another blast of "the siren."

At once the party joined in a lusty shout; they were like hounds hot on the scent, and simultaneously they gave tongue. No assuring cry greeted the trackers' signal of sound, however.

Not long after this, Dr. Brice commenced to act in what seemed a strange manner.

"Hush!" said he, quietly. "I hear singing."

Those who heard the doctor speak, looked askance at him; listening as intently as

they might, they could not detect the faintest whisper of a voice.

"Shout for all you're worth," commanded the leader of the party, his blue-grey eyes shining in an uncanny fashion.

A shout, loud and prolonged, went thundering through the passages, but not a vestige of response could those who shouted evoke—at least, they thought not.

"I think we shall find them now," said the doctor, as much to himself as to those who accompanied him. "My boy Arthur has a fine voice; I should know it among a thousand. Come!"

The gleaming blue-grey eyes stared ahead, as though they saw through the darkness; the head was thrust forward, one hand crooked behind the right ear; Dr. Brice seemed to be listening with all his faculties concentrated upon that of hearing.

Almost doubting their leader's sanity, the party followed him as he stalked ahead; apparently, the light of the lanterns was quite unnecessary. Were the whole party to be at the beck and call of a man whose mental balance was upset by anxiety and strain? Yet, spite of this thought, one and all followed without demur: there was something magnetic and compelling in those blue-grey eyes.

Captain Sneider suggested another blast of "the siren."

"No need at all," responded Dr. Brice. "I can hear my boy singing; we shall find the missing boys in less than five minutes. Dear me! how strange that none of you can hear him."

Donald Armstrong had a creepy feeling in the region of his spine; if only he could have heard a sound, the unreality of the whole proceeding might pass off; but to be told by the owner of a pair of blue-grey eyes that some one is singing, and at the same time to know that not one of a party of fifteen could hear a whisper—

Hush! What was that? A fly? A gnat faintly buzzing far away?

The blue-grey eyes turned to meet Armstrong's. "Ah, I see, you can hear Arthur now."

So saying, Dr. Brice hastened his steps, and the party stumbled after him.

The buzzing of the gnat was now more like the hum of a bumble bee, thought Armstrong. On they stumbled, the doctor several paces ahead.

The bee's hum was more distinct, and—yes, it was almost like the voice of some one singing in the distance.

There was an abrupt turn in the path. The doctor turned to his party: "Now you can hear him, can't you? Arthur has just started another verse."

"Like—like a hymn," said Captain Sneider.

"Yes, I hear it too," said Mr. Higgs.

"Ex—actly," responded Dr. Brice, the blue-grey eyes shining in triumph. "My son is in the Christ Church choir. . . . Please don't frighten the boys with a 'siren' shout. Arthur is singing louder now; he knows I am coming."

We will go back some ten minutes in our story.

All the boys in the lost party were awake, a sad, weary, famished, mudstained, and bedraggled party, as a mere wax vesta was sufficient to reveal. While Charlie Higgs kept up a subdued sobbing, Arthur Brice, who appeared to be light-headed, insisted on chanting the vesper of the night before, and he steadily sang on, repeating the last line at least four times:

"Till morning light appear."

When remonstrated with, he shook his head, and sang on, no one having sufficient energy to protest further.

Cressington sat shivering, whether with cold, or thoughts of the party's sad plight, it is impossible to say.

"We start in five minutes," he at last announced; he did not add that he had less than a dozen wax vestas as sole illumination for the party.

"How long does it take for boys to starve to death?" queried Peters; and Sneider raised not a finger to stop the remark, though he lay beside the panic-monger. But even Sneider was weary.

"Shut up! you Penny-Horrible," commanded Cressington, while Charlie Higgs' solo of sobs rose a key higher, and more than one of the boys only half repressed a shudder at Peters' inopportune remarks.

Brice, oblivious to all else, sang on: "Till morning light appear."

Springfield suddenly sprang to his feet.

"I can't stand it any longer!" he cried in panic. "We've got to get out of this grave. Who'll follow me?"

Springfield's flight was a short one; he fell bodily upon Bishop, who raised protest in no uncertain voice.

Meanwhile Cressington was remonstrating with the singer.

"Shut up! Brice. That's a vesper hymn, and now it's morning."

"It can't be morning," responded Brice, dreamily. "It's quite dark"—and he resumed his interrupted refrain of "Till morning light appear."

Springfield and Bishop discussed their

differences with some spirit, until Brice, who had concluded his sixth repetition of the refrain, begged them to desist. "If you make such a noise, my father won't hear me singing."

"What?"

"Eh?"

"Is some one coming?"

"What did you say?"

"My father won't hear me singing," repeated Brice, a far-away look in his eyes. "I believe he is coming—now—to our rescue. I knew he would."

"Rot!" exclaimed Cressington, but he recklessly struck a match, and gazed in the singer's face.

Arthur Brice sat bolt upright, his blue-grey eyes wide-opened, his face quite calm, with no flush of fever upon it. Somehow, the look on his face, and perhaps, too, the words of the vesper hymn, reassured the panic-stricken boys who would have followed Springfield's lead in a *saute qui peut*.

Brice was singing again.

"Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fear,  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appear."

In a louder key he repeated:

"Till morning light appear."

Yet louder the chorister sang:

"Till morning light appear."

With every particle of his vocal power, Arthur Brice, throwing back his head and expanding his chest to its utmost limit, sent his voice roofward in one clear crescendo of sound:

"Till morning light appear."

Silence for the space of five seconds, then a solitary answering shout. "My father!" exclaimed Brice, starting up and making off in the direction whence the shout had come.

With a great gasp of relief, Cressington struck a match, and followed Brice. The others followed, save Terry O'Brien, who, endeavouring to use his injured foot, fell fainting, unperceived by his excited companions.

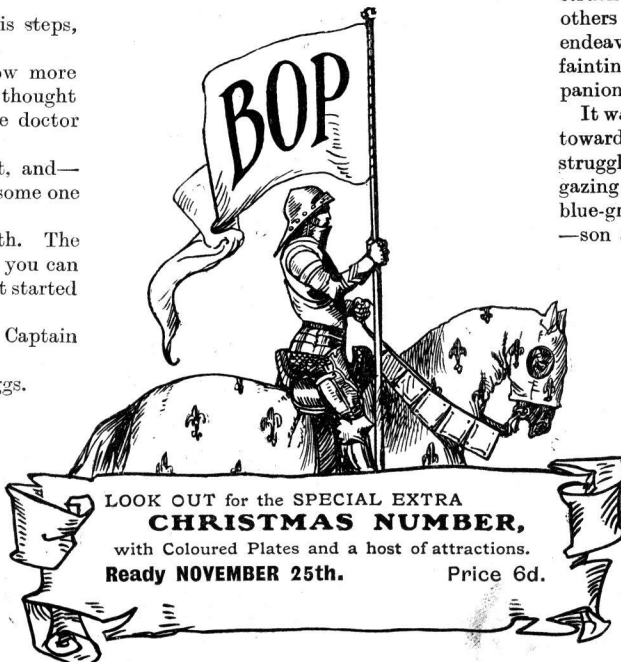
It was a pathetic little queue that straggled towards the rescuers. Brice headed the struggling line of boys; blue-grey eyes, gazing out of a wan, pale face, meeting the blue-grey of the leader of the rescuing party—son and father.

Cressington followed, head lowered; but as his eyes fell on Donald Armstrong hurrying up with a second lantern, his lower lip pouted defiantly.

"Where's young Falkland?" queried Armstrong, angrily, brushing past the defiant boy.

"That's not my business!" was the quick retort.

"You cad! you got him into the scrape," cried Armstrong; and he hurried forward, scanning one by one the tired pale faces of the rescued till he came to the very last of the party—Cyril Falkland, lagging wearily.





"Cyril, I'm so glad you're found," cried the older boy.

The younger had sprung forward to greet his rescuer, but seeing who the rescuer was—a friend he had deserted treacherously—Cyril drew back with downcast eyes. He started to tremble, for he was weak from want of food and unwonted exposure, and the sudden appearance of his ill-treated friend was the last straw. He burst into tears.

"Poor little chap!" Armstrong hastened to say. "You're found now, so it's all right."

"'Tisn't, coz I've been a beast to you," said Cyril between his sobs. Poor, weary, contrite little figure, bedraggled and mud-bespattered. Armstrong caught him up in his brawny arms, and without further words bore him to where the rescuers and rescued were congregating, and making final preparations for the return to daylight.

The excitement of the rescue had put the final touch to Charlie Higgs' fever, and he babbled nonsense into his father's ears.

"Cressington!" cried the distraught father, "you're to blame for this. My boy's life is endangered by you—you, who ought to be horsewhipped, you, who take advantage of your seniority to overawe and overpersuade small boys—you, who thus feed your own vanity, and aren't man enough to mix with those of your own age—you ought to be horsewhipped, sir!"

Cressington quivered under the storm of accusation.

"Where's that Terry? Terry has gone and lost himself. Where's Terry?"

The interruption came from the fevered imaginings of little Charlie Higgs, but it called to mind what saner brains had not realised. Terry O'Brien was missing.

Lights were quickly requisitioned; and soon, on the rocky shelf where he had fallen in a faint, they found Terry just regaining consciousness. "I'm all right," cried the cheery little mortal. "But if you call this morning light, I think it is a rotten attempt at it. Still, I'm glad something has 'appeared.' Carry me, somebody, I'm a bit groggy on my understandings."

Very carefully Terry was lifted, and the injured ankle bandaged. Soon the party, rescued and rescuers, were on their way to the open air.

They reached what every one thought to be the threshold of the cave. The mouth of the cave no longer existed! Surely, there was no mouth, only a tiny patch of light—a mere slit in the blackness. What had happened?

"There's something in the way," said Parry, as he vigorously applied his toe to the obstruction.

There was a muffled exclamation. The slit suddenly grew bigger, and daylight streamed into the cave.

The explanation was simple enough. Mr. Peters had returned, as will be remembered, unable to continue his search on account of his corpulence. Anxious to see his son safe out of "that rat's hole" (as he termed the "Devil's Cave"), the worthy pork-butcher had waited at the cave mouth, and presently, feeling sleepy, had indulged in a doze on the very threshold of the cave itself, of which the entrance, as will be recollected, was quite small. Not till Parry's toe disturbed his slumbers, did Mr. Peters come back from dreamland.

"The Return to Life," as Peters junior graphically described the situation, was

thus a queer combination of comedy and tragedy. There stood Mr. Peters blinking in the sunlight and vigorously dusting his Parry-toed back; while next to him stood the distracted Mr. Higgs, vainly endeavouring to soothe the delirious chatter of his little son.

The latter and Terry O'Brien had been promptly rolled up in blankets. Servants and anxious friends had been waiting for the appearance of the missing boys, and only the belief that Mr. Peters was an accredited sentinel prevented them bodily removing his obstructing person.

Cyril Falkland, half asleep, leaned heavily against Donald Armstrong, who himself looked worn out with fatigue. Seeing Armstrong had been searching in the "Devil's Cave" for considerably over nine hours, his weariness was only natural, and maybe it explained his short-tempered remark to Cressington: "Don't you get this kid into any more trouble, or I'll jolly well know the reason why."

"I'll do as I choose, Armstrong," was the defiant reply.

"You shan't spoil Falkland," retorted Armstrong.

"If I choose to be chummy with the kid, you won't stop me"—and the angry, black, flashing eyes of Cressington flung back the challenge.

Quite oblivious to what was going on, Cyril Falkland, supporting himself by clinging tenaciously to Armstrong, stood between the two disputants. Between the Two! Armstrong and Cressington.

(To be continued.)



Ratcliffe was not in the best of tempers. His Aunt Sophia (whom he had never met) had chosen the half-term holiday—of all days—to come and pay him a visit.



RATCLIFFE'S AUNT.

Judging by her name he felt sure that she would be like Lovegrove's aunt, who came down last term and had to be shown round, and who wanted everything explained to her thoroughly.



However, she was not quite so bad as he expected. She was fairly young, and—what is more—she gave quite a jolly little tea-party after the house-match; and even Lofting Major said she was "rather decent."



# THE BOXSTODE ACRES.

THE STORY OF A MEMORABLE FOOTBALL MATCH.

By GUNBY HADATH.

(In Four Parts.)

## PART IV. (continued).

ENCOURAGED by a taste of triumph, so speedy and so sweet, the townsmen pressed their enemy hard; and only the pluck of Jack and his two cousins from Castleburgh kept them from another score. Again and again by long punts into touch these three drove the enemy back, while Owen Evans threw himself doggedly at their forwards' feet. But the young Welshman's heart was singing with the joy of battle, and ever he watched for some opportunity of breaking single-handed through.

For twenty minutes the Manor men were kept on the defensive, while the opposing backs, in their anxiety to score again, drew nearer and nearer to their forwards' heels. The exultation of the mayor grew patently uproarious, till he could scarce articulate when at last the ball was flung out cleanly to the Wyx three-quarter on the line.

Jack Boxstode, coming across full speed, grabbed high, and missed his man; and now only the great bulk of Sir John presented itself as the last obstacle between the runner and the try.

The lad marked the great form coming to meet him, threw one glance over his shoulder for a comrade who might take the pass, saw none, and charged, head down, at the enemy. But he slipped. The ball, held loosely, dropped to earth, and in a trice the baronet had it.

The Wyx forwards were pounding up to him; the Wyx backs came excitedly behind them; and Sir John seized his chance. With one long punt he sent his prize high over their heads, far down the field towards the opposite goal. At the same moment a scarlet poll went whirling through the ruck, flashed between the townsmen's backs—Owen Evans had fallen back to help his captain, had marked how close up the Wyx backs were, and the opportunity he waited for was his.

Ere they could turn again the Welshman had fastened on the ball—their cries of "Offside!" went unheeded by a referee who knew his work—in a moment's dramatic hush the young footman had swerved inwards, rounded their full-back, and was in between the posts.

He took the kick himself, and a minute later, his honest flaming head a good inch higher, he went back elated to his place, while the leader of the town forwards brought the ball out doggedly to centre.

One goal all, and ten minutes to go still before half-time. "Why, Sir John is making a good fight of it!" muttered Mr. Prime.

"But they can't keep it up; they can't, you mark my words for it!" responded some one at his elbow.

It hardly seemed as if they could. For while the heroes of the Manor were mostly showing symptoms of distress, their rivals were all in hard condition. And now they

had learned caution. Their backs would not be caught napping out of place again. And when Peter Quick had told off two of his company to mark the dangerous young footman, the game swung round once more to a sustained and determined attack upon the scratch side.

Again and again nothing but lack of finish prevented another score. But at length, just on the interval's stroke, a rush and a scramble saw the ball over the Manor line again—but wide out in the corner.

In a tense stillness Peter Quick brushed a flake of mud from the toe of his right boot—with the coolness of a veteran he gauged the distance and the elevation. His comrades threw cartwheels of delight as the ball sailed plumb over the bar.

Sir John, as he sucked his scrap of lemon, was conscious that he had had enough of it. He passed a dubious hand over his stiff limbs. But Jack and his two cousins, smarting from sundry kicks and hurts, smarted more sorely that they had been kept on the defensive. Presently they called Sir John and Owen Evans into council, what time the Wyx men stood apart, regarding them with stealthy satisfaction. Wyx knew no anxiety for the issue.

As the whistle blew again, Mr. Sleer settled himself in comfort to witness the *débâcle*. The town had to kick off this time, and a rapturous moment followed. But not for Reuben Sleer.

For Evans caught the kick, and punting over the orange jerseys, high into the sun, he raced after it, followed fast by Jack and his two cousins, who spread themselves fan-wise as they ran.

"Right!" screamed a Wyx three-quarter, as it came hurtling down. But with the word he shot one glance at the red locks speeding up to him—and that glance proved his undoing. For the ball slipped through his fingers, and Evans had it, with a feint to pass to Jack. Instead, and even as Peter Quick closed with him, he slipped it quickly to one of the Griffe-Boxstodes on his left, who flung it on the instant wide out to his brother.

The movement, prearranged and perfectly carried out, took the townsmen by surprise; they were outwitted; and now, when one of their sprinters had flung himself upon the runner's back, the ball was in Evans' hands once more, and so to Jack. And Jack raced on—and on—with only the full-back to beat—and on and in, at the far corner.

Wyx were now only two points to the good.

Ah, but the two would be wiped off altogether, if Owen Evans kicked the goal.

He missed it.

At this crisis Sir John's men found a new ally. The wind, slight at the beginning, was rising to some force; and it blew straight down the ground, in the faces of the townsmen. Thus the baronet's long kicks gained considerably in value, and he used them

with much of bygone craft, finding touch consistently, and so nursing Barrables and his forwards until they gained their second wind. In every scrum old Barrables had done the work of two.

The defenders were becoming the aggressors. Shout after shout went up from all but the most prejudiced, as Wyx were seen to waver; as their backs, forgetting the airs which they had so lately worn, grew flurried and excited. But the men in front of them could dribble one and all, and in Peter Quick they were led by a leader who used his head. His generalship and pluck were rallying them now. He bade his forwards keep it to themselves, and keep it at their feet as scrum by scrum broke up.

True, they had learned by now the difficulty of dribbling an oval ball with accuracy, but they succeeded well enough to keep Jack and his cousins always on their knees, while Evans found no escape from the two who dogged him down.

In one of these dribbles Peter Quick picked up, and profiting by the trick he had learned of Evans, he made as if to pass to a man behind him. But instead he dropped the ball at his toes again; kicked hard ahead to Sir John; and raced for it. Pluckily Sir John came out to meet him, and the two met with a crash. But the younger was up first, and in a trice was over the line, while at his waist old Barrables hung stoutly.

(To be concluded.)

## AN ABSORBENT TYPE.

THE driest chap I ever knew—I use the word sedately, selecting it with proper care—was Albert Edward Yateley. A thirst perennial appeared to be his greatest failing—You never found him, like the rest, on buns and tarts regaling.

He always went for ginger-pop, the nearest shop invading, Or, maybe, as a change, you'd catch the bounder lemonade-ing. The quantities of "gas" he'd gulp some dreadful end foreboded; Indeed, we used to think we'd hear that Yateley had exploded!

When fellows' hampers came along, the sardines left him chilly, And he was cold to damson jam, to cheese and piccalilli. But smiles upon his face would show that he was partial (very) To vinegar decocted from the succulent raspberry.

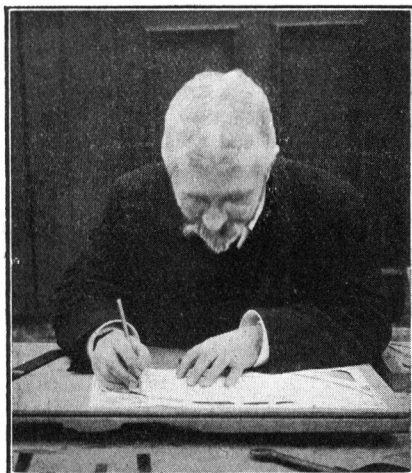
At breakfast time he drank more tea than any mortal "oughter," And in between his meals he was a perfect whale on water. In Dormitory 3 sometimes a jug would need refilling. And then, of course, we guessed at once that Yateley had been swilling.

We used to wonder what career would finally attract him, And for a sherbet merchant some incontinently backed him. That shot was wrong, but there's a fit conclusion to my ditty:— He's now importing sponges (wholesale business) in the City!

FELIX LEIGH.

**THE VILLAGE CARVERS OF BANBURY.**

AN INTERESTING HAND-WORK INDUSTRY OF TO-DAY.

*Written and Illustrated by CHARLES J. L. CLARKE.*

The Designer and Instructor.

THE days of hand-work are now rapidly disappearing into the dim past, and machinery and bustle are everywhere connected with the manufacture of all kinds of articles. Although this has become necessary owing to the competition, it has not, in many instances, resulted in an improvement in quality or value. England has not lost her reputation for manufacturing, but the decline of hand-work has undoubtedly brought her more on the level with other countries; there are, however, still quite a lot of industries which call for individual skill, and it is good that these should be fostered and kept alive.

At Broughton Castle, Banbury, the magnificent old country residence of Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox, a thriving little industry is carried on in wood carving. Years ago her Ladyship conceived the idea

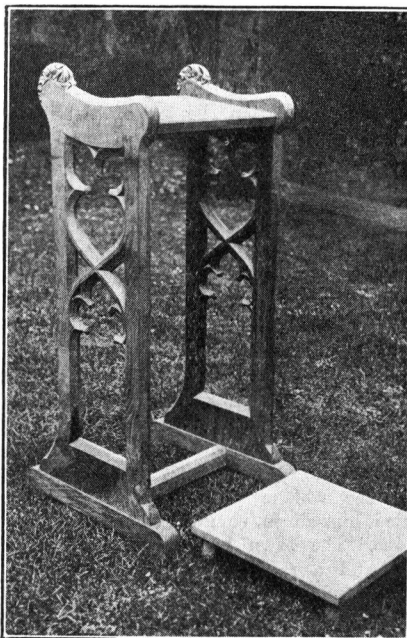
of starting classes amongst the villagers, and a special workroom was set apart at the Castle for the pupils to meet in and learn carving under the guidance of a professor who attended from Oxford.

The motto hung on the walls of the workroom is an excellent ideal, which might well be remembered by those who are starting out in life, and will probably become entangled in the modern whirlpool of industries which seek the utmost production, somewhat oblivious to the quality of the

articles manufactured. The motto reads: "It is not a question of how much we are to do, but of how it is to be done; it is not a question of doing more, but of doing better." This is the standard to which the Banbury village carvers work, and the result has been that the little industry is always flourishing, and throughout the long winter evenings the members of the class are kept busy and happy supplying the orders for wood-carvings which come from all quarters.

Wood-carving is one of those occupations which give the greatest scope for individual care. The work cannot be rushed or scamped, or its value is reduced. The more artistically a wood-carving is designed, and the finer the execution in carrying out the design, the greater the price the particular piece will realise when finished. There is really little limit to the price people who appreciate fine work will pay for a good wood-carving.

The village carvers are not all young; they range from boys of twelve years of age to old men whose beards and hair are plentifully sprinkled with the silver of many winters, but they all take a personal delight in turning out the best work.

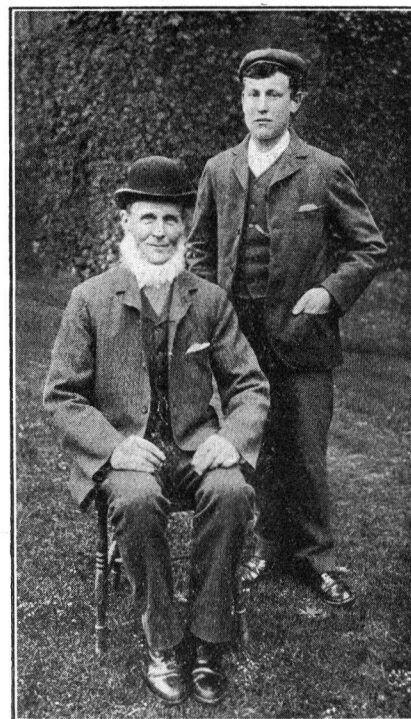


Specimen made in the Class.



Broughton Castle.

The home of Lady Gordon Lennox, who started a wood-carving class in order to provide villagers with employment during the winter months, and encourage the young men to remain in the country instead of going to town to seek employment.

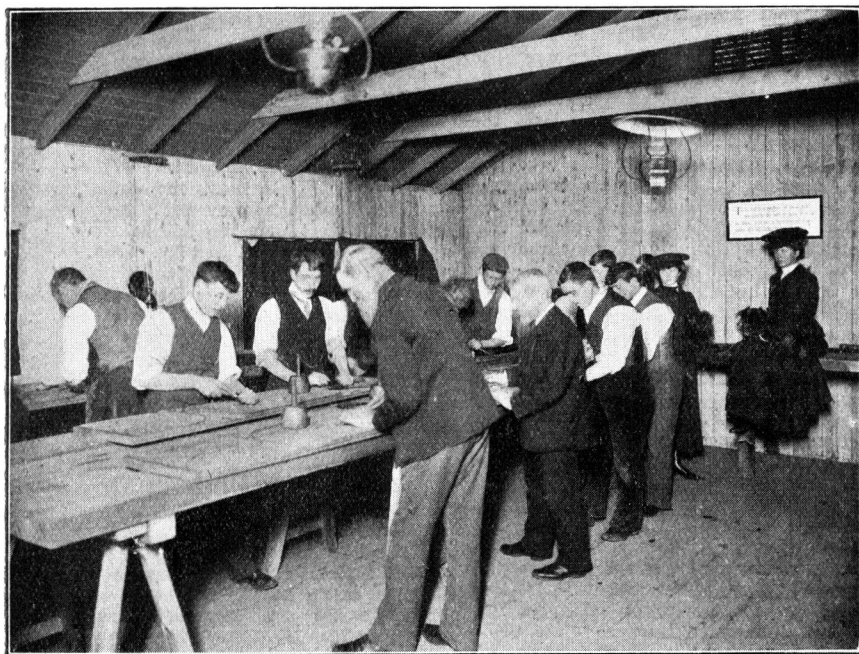


The Oldest and the Youngest Members of the Class.

A splendid commission was secured by the village workers at the Castle a short while ago. An American millionaire who inspected some of the carvings gave them an order to prepare a sample oak panel five feet high, and so well was this worked that it resulted in an order for a hundred similar solid oak panels, designed to take a proud position in one of the American's houses.

Broughton Castle itself contains many excellent and valuable examples of the carvings in oak, and an octagonal bookcase with





Lady Gordon Lennox and her Carving Class at Work.

beautifully polished top is both one of the show pieces at the stately home of Lady Gordon Lennox and a standing evidence of what the countrymen of England can do in fine and artistic hand-work.

Besides this, some magnificent carvings

have been placed in many churches in the neighbourhood, including book rests, reading desks, and other objects which are always a feature in the grandeur of old English churches.

(To be concluded.)

## "'Twas in TRAFALGAR'S BAY."

(OCTOBER 21st, 1805-1912.)

By WILLIAM J. GALLAGHER.

TODAY is the most notable anniversary, perhaps, in the whole of our annals, which are full of red-letter days of remembrance. No other name, not even excepting the gallant Lord Wellington, has so crept into the hearts and minds of the English people, as the name of the vicar's son, Horatio Nelson. When pressed by any emergency on land or sea, when asked to acquit ourselves as Britishers, ever through the wind and rain and the rising tide of peculiar circumstance, we hear, as fresh as when uttered on the *Victory*, the inspiring words, "England expects that every man will do his duty," and this is what life means for each of us. Our ancestry calls us; our land is proud, or ashamed, as we do or do not perform our duty—what we conceive to be such. Thus it is that the battle-word becomes a life-word, as popular and as well known as any much-quoted proverb.

On October 21st on each recurring year, (the anniversary of Trafalgar Day,) the *Victory*, at Portsmouth, is decorated. Flags and evergreen garlands are amongst the trophies laid thereon, but no garland is needed to keep the memory of Horatio Nelson fresh and fair. "His memory is as green to-day as when the sailors in St. Paul's Churchyard snatched the Union Jack from his coffin, and tore it into strips to leave to their children."

We may—although, happily, a larger desire for peace has passed over the world since the old ballads known as "broad-sides" were lustily sung to show how we detested the "wily" Frenchman—give some details of

the fight, its arrangement, and the scenes and incidents of that eventful 21st October, 1805.

At daybreak there lay the enemy distinctly visible from the deck of the *Victory*. There were in the enemy's fleet thirty-three sail of the line, and seven large frigates. These formed a long crescent in close line of battle on the starboard off Cape Trafalgar, which is close to the southern point of Andalusia. What was our fleet? Twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates.

As soon as daylight permitted, Nelson came on the deck of his ship. That day was a festive occasion in his family, for his uncle, Captain Suckling of the *Dreadnought*, on that day with two other line-of-battle ships had beaten off the French squadron of four sail of the line and three frigates, and Nelson thought that the omen seemed good for his victory also.

At half-past six Nelson took the glass from his eye and called out to the signal officer to make the signal bear down on the enemy in two lines. Then the fleet set all sail. Collingwood led in the *Royal Sovereign*. The *Victory* led the weather-line of fourteen.

And here we must note a profound fact—the real, deep-seated religiousness of Nelson's mind. Were the prayers which he had so oft heard his father read in the old Church at Burnham Thorpe, present on this eventful day of battle? It was always Nelson's habit to begin battle with prayer. In the cabin, on this occasion, he wrote a simple prayer, and annexed to it his "last will and testament." That prayer and will was headed, "21st October, 1805." A

further entry runs: "In sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain, distant about ten miles." He then recommends Lady Hamilton and her adopted daughter Horatio to the remembrance of a grateful country.

But this digresses. The will above mentioned was witnessed by Hardy and Blackwood, Captains in the British fleet. While he wrote, his ships were standing down towards the enemy. Blackwood had come on board the *Victory* about six o'clock. He found Nelson cheerful, and calm. Yet he was sure (an inward intuition told him) that this would be his day of twin-victory—victory over the enemy, and victory over all that appertains to earth.

Well for the gallant soldier  
Who hears on dying ears  
The salvo of his victory,  
The cheering of his peers;  
He fears not as he dieth,  
But seems to lead the van,  
True-hearted to the very end,—  
An English gentleman.

The exhilaration which was present with Nelson at Aboukir and Copenhagen was not the same as the present. The subdued look of the determined man who never feared to look death in the face was this look which Hardy and Blackwood witnessed. He felt, albeit with a truer outlook on Christian ethics, that "how can man die better than facing fearful odds?" for his *Lares* and *Penates*.

The crews, then, had finished their dinners. Around the guns gossip went on in an endless stream. No doubt many a sailor divulged to another that the portrait of a beloved mother or sister, brother, or sweetheart was safely ensconced next his heart. Meanwhile, some were getting ready their fire-buckets; others were getting ready with rammers and powder.

Majestically moved the British fleet. Light winds from the south-west stirred their sails and pennons. Clean and ready, each noble sailor stood in his place, and the determination on Nelson's face was answered by the ruddy and determined look of every sailor. Each British Admiral hoisted his own flag, and the others hoisted St. George's ensign. Each ship carried a Union Jack. On the main mast of the *Victory* Nelson had made his pet signal: "Engage the enemy more closely." The enemy had also by this time hoisted their ensigns.

We will now let Blackwood speak: "During the five hours and a half I remained on board the *Victory*, in which I was not ten times from his side, Nelson frequently asked me what I should consider as a victory, the certainty of which he never for a moment doubted. . . . My answer was, that, considering the handsome way the battle was offered to the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the proximity of the land, I thought if fourteen ships were captured, it would be a glorious result. But Nelson's reply always was: 'I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty.'"

At this juncture Captain Blackwood made an effort to persuade Nelson not to expose his life unnecessarily, and proposed that his flag should be hoisted on the *Euryalus*, whence he could better see what was going on, but Nelson was firm in his own idea. "It would be a bad example," he said. The notion that this notable day of battle would be his last grew upon him, and remained with him. From this no persuasion could stay him.

At about ten minutes before noon up went the *Victory's* famous signal—Nelson's



last message to his men—"England expects that every man will do his duty." Cheers rang through the massed ships in response. No grateful draught of wine could have had such an effect on the men's spirits. It was personality controlling and conquering doubt, delay or dalliance. It was soul and the hour—the intense moment of a great spirit's passing—and the men caught the thrill of it as the peaks catch the first rays of the great upheaving sun.

As soon as this signal was read by the other ships Nelson said—while listening to the thrilling cheers: "Now I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all Events, and the justice of our course." The spirit of religion never left this brave patriotic man, but ever asserted itself in the moment of trial and struggle.

As Collingwood took his ship into action, Nelson noticed it: "See how that brave fellow Collingwood takes his ship into action." Then Collingwood turned to his captain and exclaimed: "Rotherham, what would not Nelson give to be here." Rotherham and Collingwood had been on rather testy terms, but Nelson reconciled them, and as he made them shake hands, said: "Look, yonder is your enemy." In the meantime the *Victory* held on its way. She flew half-a-dozen flags aloft. As the *Victory* advanced seeking her antagonist the enemy's ships began to measure distances. Then they saw a shot pass through the main top-gallant sail. A minute or two of dead silence followed. Then eight of the weathermost ships opened a dreadful fire upon the *Victory*—Nelson's ship.

Nelson ordered Blackwood and Prowse of the *Sirius* to inform those on board their frigates that they could take their own liberty in the matter of coming closer, or more quickly alongside the enemy. As Nelson could not distinguish the French Admiral's ship he chose the *Santissima Trinidad*, 130 guns, as "his old acquaintance," to use his own phrase. He ordered his ship to be steered to her bows. "Which will you run aboard?" Hardy asked. "Take your choice; it doesn't signify

much," said Nelson. Hardy steered for the *Bucentaure*.

At one o'clock the 68-pounder-carronade on the *Victory* was fired right into the *Bucentaure*. The one broadside as good as finished the French ship. Now the *Victory* received a cleverly directed fire from the French *Neptune*. The two ships got alongside of each other about ten minutes past one o'clock. The *Victory* fired upon the *Redoubtable*; a regular hail descended now upon the *Victory* from the last-named French ship.

At twenty-five minutes past one o'clock Nelson and Hardy paced to and fro together on the *Victory's* deck. It was a moment of intense thought—it was the beginning of the great "end" of a master-spirit in the realm of unflinching courage. Looming up was the shadow—the "last evening." For one it came, as for many, but in coming to that one it raised the greatest wail that ever went up from England's heart. A musket-ball had struck Nelson on the left shoulder. This cut through the spine, and buried itself in the back-muscles. A sergeant and several marines went to pick him up. "They have done it at last, Hardy," said the hero of Trafalgar. "I hope not," answered Hardy. "Yes," said Nelson, "my backbone is shot through." Even as he was being carried off his mind was with the men and the ships, and he gave certain instructions about minute details.

On coming to the cockpit, where they had carried their hero, the doctor soon perceived that it was the end. A few questions followed about the victory, its apparent largeness, the repeated wish to take care of "my dear Lady Hamilton," and then the final kiss, and the words "God bless you, Hardy."

As one writes the words it is again Trafalgar's day. One sees the great shadow of the enemy's ships. One hears the *ricochet* and the whistle and boom of shot and shell. One sees the lurid glare, but up aloft on the *Victory* runs that signal—"England expects, etc.," and we know how the expectation was fulfilled.

## NELSON'S DAY.

(OCTOBER 21st, 1805-1912.)

**W**HILE English oaks against the blast  
Stand strong and proud and still,  
So long will Nelson's memory cast  
A glow on moor and hill,  
A deepening gleam across the sea,  
A thrill through every dell;  
And still the twenty-first will be  
A day remembered well!

Trafalgar Day! It broke the pride  
Of France and her allies;  
Trafalgar brought the signal wide  
That floats 'neath many skies:  
"England expects that every man"  
His "duty" brave "will do";  
Oh, say to-day, as life you scan,  
What better word for you?

A painter caught the awful shine  
Of sunset on a wreck,  
And raised its masts to light divine  
At his enchanted beck:  
The *Téméraire* for victory fared  
Lives in the soul of art;  
From thence was poured the shot that  
shamed  
The enemy's proud heart!

And as the *Victory* raises up  
Her front, by weather stained;  
And as the famous fighting ship  
Which Turner saw, is gained,  
A holy reverence stays the foot;  
The brow is bared, for then  
One sees brave Nelson's death the fruit  
Of victory—such are men!

Lift up the signal to the wind,  
And, on October's breeze,  
Fling out the words that are enshrined,  
As veins in forest trees!  
We see again Trafalgar's morn,—  
Hardy and Collingwood:  
And Nelson's star again is born,  
And England rides the flood!

WILLIAM J. GALLAGHER.

## TRICKED BY A BABOON.

A SOUTH AFRICAN ADVENTURE.

By JOHN COMFORT.



STRAIGHT away from the dam the spoor of the bok was plain to be seen leading off to some rocky ground bounded by a line of flat-topped kopjes.

Ellis Clive went cautiously forward, checking his pony every few minutes, for well he knew that if the bok once got wind of his pursuit, there would be

no chance of his getting near enough for a shot that day, in which case there would be nothing but bully-beef for dinner after all.

"Hullo, what's up?"

Ellis spoke aloud in sheer amazement, as a figure with long arms, and alert bearing, a hat cocked rakishly on one side of its head, showed for an instant

on the ridge of a kopje, standing out against the sky-line, then swiftly disappeared from view.

He was fairly certain it was not a black boy, and it did not look like a white man either. Then he burst out laughing, because of his stupidity in not recognising the thing at the first glance. "Why it is a baboon, of course, what a softy I must have been not to have known it at the first, but it was the hat which puzzled me. I wonder where the creature got it from? Ah!"

The energetic whisper was drawn from him, as his pony turned into a green glade between two kopjes, by the sight of the bok he was following, grazing peacefully a little on ahead.

Checking his pony, Ellis slid to the ground, then turning the animal with its head towards home, left it to graze, knowing that it would in time make its way back to the farm.

Then dropping on all fours he went

creeping and creeping behind the boulders, clumps of mimosa bush, and hummocky grass, which in summer would have been tall enough to shelter him walking upright, but which was now only broken and crumpled dry herbage, with the fresh green shoots just peeping through.

He was very close to the bok now, almost within range, and was congratulating himself that another ten minutes would about finish it, a comfort truly, for the morning was grilling, and his knees were pretty well skinned with crawling over the stones.

Suddenly the figure of the baboon bounded into sight again, this time on the slope of the opposite kopje. It gave a short angry bark, like a dog that was hot on the scent, startling the bok, which instantly bounded away.

At the same moment Ellis threw up his gun, firing at random, because there was no time to take aim. The chance shot told somewhere, the bok stumbled,

swerved, and pitched headforemost, but just as Ellis with a shout of triumph sprang into sight, the wounded creature struggled to its feet again, and with leaping bounds was soon out of sight, in the windings of a narrow valley running up between two kopjes.

"It can't go far, it is sure to drop in a few minutes," said Ellis eagerly, as he followed at a run. If he had not been so sure of this he would have whistled for his pony, and chased his game on four legs, instead of toiling away on his own two feet.

There was a bark of derision from the hill above, as if the baboon were enjoying the joke, and Ellis looked up to shake an angry fist at the creature as he passed, and thought with a shiver how fearfully human it looked, with the hat perched on the side of its head.

He was pretty well winded now from the pace he was making. He tracked the bok by the drops of blood on the stony ground, and expected every minute to come on his quarry, lying on the ground in its last struggle.

But it was the unexpected which happened. Ellis stumbling over the rough stones, and entangled grasses which made running dangerous, and walking a snare, was startled by hearing a cry like that of a frightened child.

"It is that wretched baboon, I guess!" he muttered angrily, and then was furious to find that he was trembling in every limb, while perspiration rolled in great drops from his face.

He was thinking of a story told him by his father's Hottentots a few weeks ago, just after his coming out from England. It was a horrid tale about a white woman, whose child had been killed by baboons, and who died of grief in consequence. Since that time the wailing of a baby might always be heard in the valleys between the kopjes, so the coloured people said. Ellis, however, had never been able to find a white man, or woman who would believe in the story, so he had come to regard it as a myth invented by the Hottentots, who were lazy, and hated having to make long excursions in the rough, hilly country in search of game. Oh, it was all sheer nonsense of course, just a silly story that no one but a native would believe in!

Just as Ellis said this to himself, the wailing cry broke out again, and with his heart beating at a furious rate, he scrambled over the rocks in the direction from which the sound seemed to come. He was in a state of downright panic, for the sound seemed to be almost close to him. He would have liked to run away, but that was cowardice pure and simple, so calling himself names, he pressed forward.

Up, and up he went, until passing round a big boulder he saw right in front of him the yawning mouth of a cave. And inside, some distance inside, there was something lying on the ground which feebly moved—and cried!

For a long moment he stood staring in front of him, then a big lump seemed to come up in his throat, he thought it was his heart, and swallowed vigorously

"Yah-ah-ah!" The bundle on the ground moved again, and a chubby arm struck out.

"Why, it is a baby, a real one!" cried Ellis, in such profound amazement that he suddenly realised how much faith he must have put in that silly ghost story. Then he bounded forward and caught up the infant, a jolly, sun-burned kiddie of eighteen months or so.

The child seemed to be so thankful for a sight of one of its own kind, that it at once ceased to cry, and pointing at the gun which Ellis carried, said "Bang! Bang!" with great emphasis and energy.

"Well, you are a knowing little chap!" said Ellis, in an approving tone, stooping down, and venturing to give the child a friendly pat on the shoulder. He was not much used to youngsters, and so was afraid to take many liberties with this one, from a dread that it might start off crying again.

"Gug, gug, gug," responded the small creature, then pointing to the gun, burst out in what sounded like vehement command, "Bang! bang!"

"No, no, sonny, it isn't target practice, and I can't afford to waste a cartridge just for the sake of making a noise to please you. But what I want to know is how you came to be in a place like this, so many miles from any civilisation except our farm, and you certainly did not come from there. Hullo!"

Ellis sprang to his feet in a great hurry, and turned to find the big baboon with a hat almost close beside him, grimacing, and jabbering in a threatening fashion.

There was no time to think, no time to shoot, he just had to act, and striking at the creature with his gun, bowled it over sideways. But in a minute it was on its feet again, and jabbering more furiously still, made a jump to seize the child, which was screaming with fright.

Ellis sprang to the rescue, letting off his gun anyhow, right in the face of the big monkey, but he only succeeded in frightening it, and in blowing away a piece of its ear.

It turned and fled from the cave, barking, jabbering, and whining; weird, uncanny sounds they were, and all the time it was comforting its wounded ear with its paws, or hands, in such a dreadfully human fashion, that Ellis fairly shuddered, feeling as if he had shot a man.

Then he picked up the crying child, consoling it as best he could, but only daring to spare one arm for the business, the other must be left for the gun, as the baboon was squatting on the ground outside the cave, and seemed to be meditating another attack.

The situation was getting embarrassing. Ellis certainly could not leave the child where he had found it, he also could not carry it with one arm, and hold his gun for defence with the other, so there seemed nothing to be done but to wait awhile, in the hope that the creature might go away.

Of course he might shoot it. But it looked so much like a man, with the hat cocked on one side of its head, that he felt it would be like deliberate murder to lift his gun against it unless, indeed,

it attacked him, when, of course, he would have to fire in self-defence.

Ellis gave the child a piece of the oatmeal cake which his mother had thrust in his pocket when he set off that morning, and the small person grabbed it with an eagerness which showed how hungry it must have been. Then for a long hour he sat impatiently waiting for the baboon to make a move, but that astute monkey never budged, except to scratch its left ear where the hat brim tickled it.

Ellis had taken the child in his arms, where it had gone to sleep with its head resting against his shoulder, and he was getting so drowsy himself that it was with difficulty he could keep awake, when to his dismay he saw another baboon come loping round the side of the kopje, followed by another, and another, until presently he counted twenty-seven of the creatures walking up and down, jabbering, barking, sneezing, and grunting, evidently consulting in monkey language how best to make an attack on him.

Ellis could not shoot unless he put the child down, and he was desperately afraid that if he did put it down, one of the active, long-armed creatures would dash in and seize it. Backing a little closer to the side of the cave, he shifted his gun so that he might use it as a club, then waited again, keenly watchful now, knowing that any moment might bring the crisis.

He was wondering what would happen, if he had to stay there until dark. Then he thought of the bok which he had wounded, and wondered if the poor creature had dropped.

"Mother will feel awfully bad at having to sit Colonel Hollis down to bully-beef," he said to himself, in a rueful tone. His mother had said that morning that she was the most worried housekeeper in all Rhodesia, and he had been so glad for her sake when he had come on the traces of the bok, for it was really trying, to be expecting company to dinner and yet to have nothing to set before them, and he indulged in a grin of amusement as he thought of the colonel's feelings, on being set down to such homely fare.

From a grin, he indulged in a laugh, and it was really that which hurried up the catastrophe, for it woke the child, which kicked and struggled for a minute, and then broke into a lusty cry.

There was a howl of rage from the baboon with the hat, and the creature charged full at Ellis, evidently under the impression that he was hurting the child, and bent on snatching it from him.

But he was ready for it, landing a blow with the butt end of his gun full on its face, and knocking it sprawling. Of course when it scrambled to its feet, it fled, howling with pain, but it did not flee far, and after sitting for a few minutes angrily jabbering, it closed in again, supported now by the more valorous of its fellows.

Ellis gripped his gun the tighter, and perspiration stood out on his forehead, and rolled down his face. The child cried again, and instantly the baboons made a dash forward. Ellis sprang to one side, striking here, and striking there, hitting the hardest blows that he could manage

with one hand, and knocking the creatures sprawling as they came on.

But it was a frightfully unequal contest, for they were at the very least fifteen to one, and he had only one arm for fighting.

Shouting and yelling at the top of his voice, he whirled his gun aloft, bringing it down with resounding whacks on the heads of the baboons, while the child shrieked frantically, as the long hairy arms made desperate efforts to clutch it.

Once Ellis thought it was really gone, but springing forward he managed to catch it by its little skirts and drag it back, bringing his weapon down on the arm of the baboon with a crack which made the limb drop helpless, while the creature scurried away screaming with pain.

But Ellis was very nearly done himself. Breathless, panting, choked with dust, his yells were fainter, and his blows lighter. He had got his back to the side of the cave, and was gripping the shrieking child close to him, while he wondered how many more minutes he could possibly hold out, when to his amazement he heard a shot, then a perfect volley of firing; two or three of his foes fell, the remainder dropped on all-fours, and made off as fast as they could go, and a party of men burst into view.

His father was there, and Colonel Hollis, also a wildly dishevelled man, who burst into hysterical sobbing like a woman, as he snatched the child from the arms of Ellis, and felt it all over, to see if it were hurt.

"Colonel Hollis and I were on our way to the farm," said Mr. Clive, who had been away for a few days on business, "but as we passed Gill's Spruit we heard there was trouble at Boulter's Fontein, so we turned in there to see if we could help. Mrs. Rowland came running to meet us, saying that their little child Jacky was lost, and as their pet baboon Brutus was also missing, they feared it had carried the child away out of mischief, and her husband had been searching all night. Of course we joined forces to help him then, but by the look of things we should have been too late if it had not been for you, Ellis."

"It was getting rather warm," replied Ellis, putting up a dirty hand to rub his equally dirty face. "You see the brutes rushed me all at once, and I could not shoot, because I had to hold the child, and it screamed so badly, that I'm afraid I must have hurt it."

"But for its crying, and your yelling,

we should not have been here so soon," said his father. "I guess this will be a lesson to poor Rowland not to keep a tame baboon about his place in future; tricky creatures they are, and never to be trusted. I suppose that animal with the hat is the one which carried the child off. Well, it is dead as a doornail now; the colonel bowled it over as we came rushing up the hill."

"I was running down a bok that I had wounded, but I expect it has got away now," said Ellis, as the father of Jacky overwhelmed him with thanks.

"No, it is all right," broke in the colonel, "we stumbled across it on our way here, but could only stop to put it out of its pain, for by the sounds, we judged matters up here were a bit urgent."

"They were," answered Ellis, and then he was horribly disgusted, because he suddenly commenced shaking and shivering.

"Hungry, are you, old fellow? Have a bite of something," said his father with a kindly understanding, offering him a bit of hard-tack biscuit, into which Ellis set his teeth with great energy, and immediately felt better.

"Anyhow there will be something better than bully-beef for dinner to-night," he said, with a sigh of satisfaction, as they went down the hill to pick up the bok.

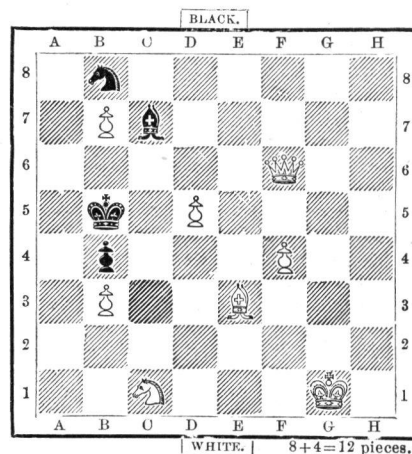


RAIN-DRENCHED SEAMAN: "This is a nice reception, on my word! What did they want to warn people against me for?"

## CHESS.

Problem No. 722.

BY H. F. L. MEYER.



[White to play and mate in four (4) moves.]

**SOLUTION** of No. 721. 1, R (Kt 5) Q R 5, K x Kt (or a, b, c, d, e). 2, Kt—Q sq. ch., K moves. 3, R mates on one of four squares. (a) B P x Kt. 2, Kt—K2 ch., K—Q6. 3, R—Q5 mate. (b), Kt P x Kt. 2, Kt—B5 ch. (c) P—B6. 2, Q Kt—Q sq. and 3, R—Q5 mate. (d) P—Kt6. 2, K Kt—Q sq., P x R. 3, R—Q5 mate. (e) K—Q6. 2, either Kt—Q sq.

The other five problems by Schröfer are solved thus:—

1, N E5, P:D5 (or a, b, c, d, e, f). 2, L H5, N:F5. 3, L E2†. (a) N:F5. 2, M D4†, K:E5. 3, L H8†. (b) P:F5. 2, L B5, K F3. 3, L E2†. (c) K:D5. 2, L B5†, K E4. 3, M F4†. (d) K:F5. 2, L H5†, K E4. 3, M D4†. (e) N G6. 2, M F4†, K:D5. 3, L B5†. (f) M B6. 2, M D4†, K:F5. 3, L H5†.

1, M B2, P:B2 (or a, b). 2, M:E3, K:F5. 3, M F3†, K E6. 4, N A2†. (a) N F8. 2, M F2†, P:F2. 3, M F3†, P:F3. 4, P G3†. (b) K:F5. 2, M F2†, P:F2. 3, M F3†, K E6. 4, N A2†.

1, N A2, N H7 (or a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h). 2, M G6, N:G6 (or i, j, k, l). 3, O D6, N:D6. 4, L B7, M:F8. 5, L B1†. (a) M:G6. 3, N B1†, K:C4. 4, L E4†, K B5. 5, N D3†, (j) O F5. 3, L E4†, K:E4. 4, M G4†, K F3. 5, O G1†. (k) M H4. 3, L:E3†, K:E3. 4, M G3†, K E4. 5, N B1†. (l) O D5. 3, L E4†, K:E4. 4, N B1†, K F3. 5, M G3†.—(a) M H4. 2, M B6, O D5 (or m). 3, L:D5†, N:D5. 4, N B1†, K:C4. 5, M B4†. (m) M:C4. 3, N B1†, M C2. 4, N:C2†, K:C2. 5, L E4†.—(b) O D5. 2, P:D5, N H7 (or n). 3, O D6, N:D6. 4, P:D6.—5, M G3†. (n) M H4. 3, M B6, P E4. 4, L:E3, K:E3. 5, M B3†.—(c) O F5. 2, L:F5†, P E4. 3, N B1†, K:C4. 4, L:E4†, K B5. 5, P A4†.—(d) M D6. 2, P:D6, O:C6. 3, L:C6, K C2. 4, L B5.—5, L†.—(e) M:H3. 2, N B1†, K:C4. 3, L E4†, K B5. 4, P A4†.—(f) K C2. 2, L E4†, K B2. 3, L B1†, K:A3. 4, L B3†.—(g) O:C6, 2, O C1†, K C2 (or o). 3, L D1†, K C3. 4, L B3†, K D4. 5, L D3†. (o) K C3. 3, L:E3†, K B2. 4, L B3†, K:C1. 5, L†.—(h) N D5. 2, O C1†, etc.

1, M E3, M F4 (or a, b, c, d). 2, M:E4†.—3, L†. (a) M:E8. 2, L:C5†, M D5. 3, M E:E4†. (b) O H3. 2, M E:E4†, M:E4. 3, L D6†. (c) K D5. 2, L D6†, K C4. 3, M C3†. (d) M F6. 2, L:C5†, K:F4. 3, L G5†.



1, O H4, M:E5 (or a, b, c). 2, L E4†,—  
3, M, O†. (a) K:E5. 2, L G7†, K:F4.  
3, M C4†. (b) P D5. 2, K:E6,—, 3,  
O F5†. (c) O D3. 2, O:E6†, K:E5.  
3, M E2†.

Among the end-games by H. Rinck is now another one which shows that the O catches the M on many square :—K B1; N F2; O B6; P B2, G6. K E8; M F4; P A6, F3. White to play and win.

The white L can be sacrificed on five squares, and the black L can form a block on five squares, thus :—

By H. W. Bettmann. K F8; L C5; M C6, D1; N B7, B8; O B2, B3; P D6, E6, G3. K E4; M A3, E5; O A1, D2; P E2, E3, F2, F3, F7, G4. ‡3.

By F. A. L. Kuskop. K F1; L D7; M D5, H4; N A7, E2; O D3, E4; P B5, E5. K C4; L B2; M A1; N A2, C1; O B1, D1; P A3, C2, D2, E3, F2. ‡2.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

### BISHOP AS COOK AND COBBLER.

AT a parochial gathering on one occasion, the recently deceased Bishop Sheepshanks referred to the arduous times he experienced during his missionary career in the Far West in these terms: "If any lady here wants a lesson in simple cookery—how to make flapjacks or cook bacon—let her come to me, and I will teach her." It has been said of a certain king that he was fit to be a king because he had blacked his own boots, and taking that reasoning, I am more fit to be a bishop than any one here. I will tell you why—because I have cobbled my own boots and mended my own breeches."

### THE VICTOR.

THOUGH one may win the goal by luck,  
And one by chance be hero hailed,  
The palm is for the man of pluck  
Who conquers where he once had failed!

### TO MARK AN OLD TRAIL.

THE famous old Santa Fé trail is to be marked so that its location will not be forgotten. The school children of Kansas were asked to contribute a penny each to secure suitable markers for this pioneer highway of progress, and 369,166 responded. With this fund the trail will be outlined in an enduring manner from Kansas City to Santa Fé, 800 miles as the caravans made it, the time consumed for the round trip being 110 days. It is believed the trail dates back to 1540, when a Spanish adventurer led an expedition from Mexico as far north as Kansas. But it was not until the beginning of the last century that the American trader and pioneer utilised the long trail that stretched out into the wilderness of the new El Dorado. No highway in the country has been marked with as many dramatic episodes as this same Santa Fé trail. Almost every mile of the way was at some time the scene of a thrilling incident. For the caravans of the earlier day there was no haven of safety after leaving Kansas City. Even when military escorts were provided the Indians were at times sufficiently strong to hazard an attack, and these attacks always added to the long roll of tragedies that can be charged against this historical pathway, marked as it was by the bones of the dauntless pioneers who dared its terrors. The last caravan sent out was in 1865, and since that year the trail has fallen into disuse. Consequently, the project of marking it so that its course, as well as its lessons of courage, and perseverance, and indomitable will, may be preserved to an appreciative people, is an admirable one.

THE master had been engaged in telling his pupils about the three kingdoms of Nature—the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral. When he had finished he asked:

"Now, who can tell me what the highest form of animal life is?"

A little lad in the front seat raised his hand.  
"The highest form of animal life is a giraffe."

HERE is a story of a regimental cricket match in India. A sergeant was batting, a recruit was umpiring. "How's that?" cried the bowler for a palpable leg-before.

"Out," said the umpire.  
"Out!" yelled the sergeant, stalking threateningly towards the umpire: "Out, did you say? Look here, young'un, do you know where the guard-room is?"  
"Not out," said the umpire.



"When Friends Meet,

Hearts Warm."

(Old Saying.)

GENTLEMEN, the Club Room is open! In this column the Editor hopes to meet his readers every month in friendly conference, to discuss such questions as may be raised and to give such advice as may be required. "B.O.P."-ites are requested to submit topics for discussion, and to write freely as friend to friend. We would have plain speech withal, desiring to "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." Gentlemen, the Club Room is open!

And now, first, as to our plans. The "B.O.P."—in its 35th year, be it noted—has set its sails once more and started on its annual voyage. The wind is fair abaft and everything promises for a most successful trip. Who will not join us in wishing the good ship all the best possible luck?

To start off with two such excellent serials as "Between the Two" and "The Fiery Totem" is, perhaps, to ensure success. Each of them is absorbing in interest and is undoubtedly the best work of its author. But, good as these stories are, there are others in reserve to which our readers will eagerly look forward. Next month, for instance, we commence "The Sky Cruise of the Kestrel," by that popular "B.O.P." writer, John Lea. This new yarn will tell of an exciting balloon adventure across half England and of the experiences of two boy aeronauts. Then, later on, we shall have a thrilling tale from the pen of F. H. Bolton, whose "In the Heart of the Silent Sea" will be fresh in the minds of most. Mr. Bolton's new story is partly one of school life and partly one of adventure in a wild land, and there is a novel scientific development in it—a peep into the future—such as Jules Verne delighted in. We predict a rousing reception for this coming story.

Yet another "B.O.P." favourite who has a new serial in hand is J. Claverdon Wood, and again we shall find ourselves startled by strange and wonderful happenings. Mr. Wood has chosen a new field for his romance, nothing less than the mysterious land of Tibet. Look out for announcements of this remarkable story in due course.

Enough now of serials. Some one has reminded me of a long-standing promise to establish a "B.O.P." League of Friendship. It will be recollected that something was said on the point at the commencement of the last volume. The question of a League has been under serious consideration for a long time. It is not a thing to be entered upon lightly or rashly; there is much to be discussed before arriving at any decision. At last, however, we see our way to meeting the wishes of the hundreds of "B.O.P."-ites all

the world over who have been urging the adoption of a scheme of this nature.

Here is one letter—typical\* of many that we have received from readers:—

"'B.O.P.'-ites far and wide will be delighted to read that you are seriously thinking of forming a 'League of Friendship.' It is rather strange that such a League has not been formed before now, as I am sure that it would have the effect of uniting our home readers, and also of reminding our Colonial friends that they are not so far from the Mother Country after all. Through the agency of the League members could correspond with their fellow-members abroad, which would help in deepening our loyalty to the 'B.O.P.'—at the same time that it formed a strong band of union. Further, if each individual member were to pledge himself to obtain at least one new reader (not a very hard thing to do) it would mean that the circulation of the paper we all appreciate so much would be practically doubled.—Yours sincerely,

"A DURHAM READER."

"I suggest\* having\* a badge\* for members, to be worn as a scarf-pin, or on cap or watch-chain," writes another reader. "The badges could be made of bronze and sold for 6d., white metal 1s., and silver for 1s. 6d. Other boys' papers have badges, and I do not see why the 'B.O.P.' the most interesting paper of them all, should not have a distinguishing badge." This, too, is quite feasible, and we shall take steps at once to carry it into effect. It will be a pleasant method of recognition among "B.O.P." readers, and we are confident that it will be taken up enthusiastically. "When friends meet, hearts warm," runs the old Scottish saying which heads this column. We want the League to be something more than a mere name; we want to see it serving a useful purpose as a real bond of union between readers.

The question of its extension to include branches with Club Rooms, etc., must be waived for the time. So important a step cannot be taken until the League is properly under weigh. In the meantime, let us have any views that you wish to express on the subject, and we will go further into the matter.

Before we break up this session there is one other announcement to be made. We want a suitable quotation—in prose or verse—from some well-known author, to place under the Club Room heading. To the "B.O.P."-ite who sends the most appropriate quotation we will award a prize of FIVE SHILLINGS. All entries for this competition, which should be addressed to the Editor, "Boy's Own Paper," 4 Bouverie Street, E.C., must be made by NOVEMBER 22nd.

## THE FIERY TOTEM:

A TALE OF ADVENTURE IN THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

By ARGYLL SAXBY, M.A., F.R.G.S.,

Author of "Braves, White and Red," "Call of Honour," "Comrades Three!" "Torvik,"  
"Tangled Trails," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER V.—LOST IN THE FOREST.

MORNING came, but it brought no news of the absent men. There now seemed to be no possible doubt but that some accident of a serious nature had overtaken both, and the boys were at their wits' end to know what steps to take.

There had been but one canoe for the outing, so it was not possible to follow up the river course in pursuit of explanation. The only option was to take the journey on foot. That would be a tedious process, seeing that the river twined in some parts like a corkscrew. Two or three miles might be walked, and yet only half the distance might be covered as the crow flies. However, there seemed nothing else to be done. It was impossible to remain idly at the camp waiting for what might turn up. Meantime their services might be in urgent need, and delay might only increase the necessity.

"I vote we pack up our outfit in the tents and set off on the chance of finding their tracks," said Bob. "We can take a good supply of cartridges with us in case we are delayed and need to forage for food."

"It's my opinion that we may have to go a good long way," was Holden's opinion. "It would be as well to take a small axe and one or two things for possible camping. A pannikin would be useful—"

"And a small coil of rope. You can never go far in the bush without finding a use for rope."

"But suppose they come back in our absence?"

"Ah, that's well thought of," Arnold agreed. "It might mean starting out to hunt for us. We'll leave a note explaining things."

As soon as breakfast was over, the boys made their preparations for departure. They filled knapsacks with such supplies as they deemed necessary to meet the circumstances and possible emergencies. Then they packed away the loose articles of the camp outfit and pinned a note against the flap of the tent to explain the cause of their absence to any person who might reach the ground before their return. Then they set out bravely on their quest.

It was their first intention to follow the course of the river, even though their journey might be considerably lengthened thereby. But very soon it was found that such tactics were, in the main, impracticable. In some parts the banks were steep and rocky; in others they were so thickly

clothed with bush that a pathway was only possible after the axe had cut its way. The latter was particularly the case when a certain great bend of the Athabasca was reached, so the chums determined to attempt a short cut across the loop by plunging straight through the forest.

"It seems easy enough," Alf had said. "We are going about due north, I think. The bend goes due west, but, as the main part of the river flows north according to the map, if we go straight on we are bound to strike the water again."

"Right, old man," responded Bob. "In any case, the paters could not be so near home, or they would have had plenty of time to get back even by crawling. So it would be almost wasting energy to trudge so far out of the way."

It is one thing to say "go north": it is quite another matter to hold a steady course in a forest. The Indian can do it; likewise the trapper. They know the signs of the compass such as nature has provided for them. They know on which side of the trees certain moss is to be found, and they know the signs that the blizzard wind leaves behind it when it has passed on its way from arctic zones. To such as have been initiated into the higher mysteries of woodcraft from their earliest years, a due course to any set point of the compass is second nature. But those who are unlearned in the art soon find out their mistake when they put their inexperience into practice. The sun is a pointing finger to the craftsman; a disastrous lure to the ignorant.

Bob and Alf pursued their way pluckily. Determined to keep a steady course, the tomahawk had to be requisitioned at frequent intervals in order to clear a passage through the thorns and binding creepers that impeded the way.

At any other time the adventure would have been one of sheer delight, for who would not have enjoyed exploring unknown land—probably land, too, where only the Indian's foot and the feet of the wild creatures of the forest had ever pressed?

Once or twice the boys saw the great velvet eyes of an antelope peeping at them through a screen of maple leaves. Again the scrub would rustle as a fox crouched down to hide his skulking body from the strangers' sight. The cat-birds were calling their sad messages to each other among the maple leaves, and lively little chipmunks would utter their shrill piping sounds of warning to their friends as they started before the advance of the young explorers. Yes, it was an experience to fill the heart with joy when any ordinary call inspired the venture spirit.

On this occasion, however, neither of the boys had eyes for such pleasant sights, or

ears for such sounds as are the delight of the trapper's life. Their minds were too full of anxiety to permit room for ordinary enjoyment, and they hardly spoke as they pressed on a trail in single file.

In this way they continued for two hours or more. At intervals they would take it in turn to act as leader and handle the axe; but they did not allow a pause in the pushing forward, until at last Bob called a halt, feeling that a rest had been earned.

"We ought to be getting near the river again by this time," he remarked.

"That's what I've been thinking," said Alf. "You see, it was such a sharp westward turn that the river took after we crossed the ford, that I don't think we can be far off now. It must come round to the east again."

"Yet there's no sound of it—"

"That is what's puzzling me. We've covered a couple of miles at the least."

"And done enough work for four," added Bob. "However, let's get to work again. The sooner there, the sooner this job will be over."

"Thank goodness it looks pretty clear ahead now—more pine trees and less of the beastly scrub," said Holden.

Once more the boys pressed forward; but, although they continued the march for quite another hour, apparently they were as far off as ever from the river, for they neither sighted water, nor came within hearing distance of the object of their search.

Again they stopped and faced one another with perplexed expressions.

"I'll tell you what it is, old man—we've missed the way," said Alf.

But Bob was never ready to admit defeat of any sort.

"Nonsense," he said. "We've kept a fairly straight course."

"Or thought we have. To my mind, if we'd kept straight on we ought to have reached the river by this time. As it is, there is no sign of it."

"That's true. Except for being free from the brushwood, we might almost be where we started. It looks much the same—no slope or any other sign to suggest that we are nearer to the water."

"What's to be done?"

"I see nothing for it but to go back again and follow the river as we were doing in the first place. We were fools to think of taking short cuts. The other way may have seemed longer, but it would have been a deal shorter in the long run."

Both the boys were feeling rather fagged by this time, for their trudge had been of an exceptionally fatiguing nature. But each kept the feeling to himself, and cheerfully stepped out with the intention of retracing his steps. It was a disappointment, and



irksome enough ; yet there was no help for it, and the situation had to be faced pluckily.

But all the best intentions seemed to go wrong that day, and it did not take an hour's marching before Bob stopped and turned to his chum with a crestfallen countenance.

"Look here, old man. I don't know what you're thinking, but my own opinion is—"

"That we've missed the path ; that we are lost—"

"I'm afraid that is the truth of it. You see, we've never come to any of the places that we had to clear with the tomahawk."

"Then what's to be done ?" Alf questioned.

Arnold took out his watch and looked at it.

"What's to be done ? Grub. That's the first thing. After that we can make fresh plans. It's noon now, and we can do nothing while we're hungry. Besides—well, to tell the truth, I'm feeling a little tired."

"I, too," responded Alf with a faint smile. "I didn't want to say so while I thought you wished to go on—"

"Just my own idea," Bob returned with a slight laugh, as he lowered himself to a soft place under the shadow of a large maple. "So we'll rest here and have a bite. We'll feel better afterwards."

The little camp was made, and a meal was enjoyed from the contents of Bob's haversack—biscuits and cold venison. Neither of the lads thought it was worth while to trouble about shooting and cooking a meal just then. They would reserve that till night, in the event of their not being able to find Crane Creek again.

After a considerable rest, the march was resumed for the third time. On this occasion, however, the process was varied. Their first purpose was, of course, to find the path by which they had come ; so at Bob's suggestion they carefully proceeded to walk in a circle—checking the route by notching the trees, and taking wider courses each time a circuit was completed.

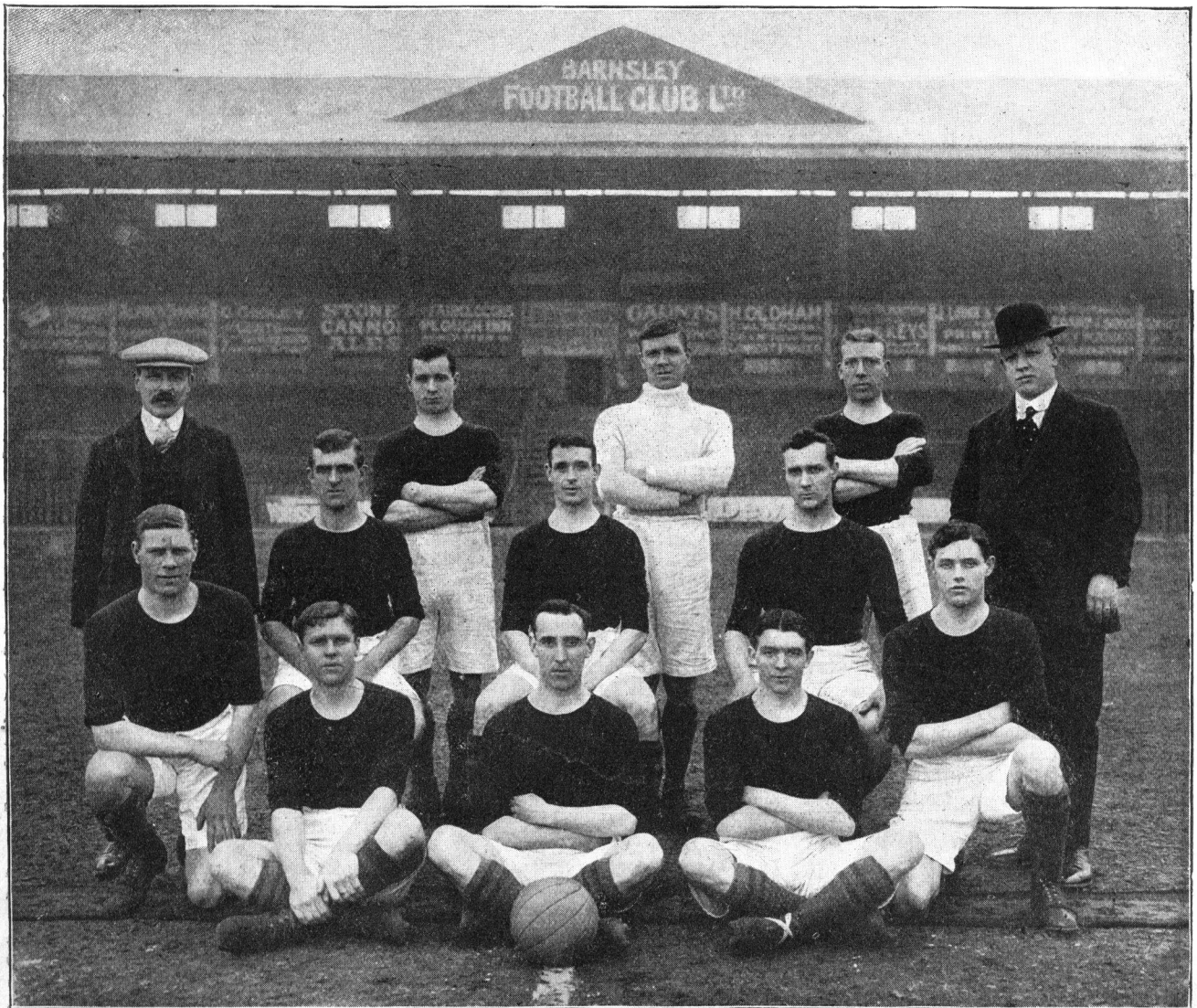
But even these means were ineffective. Circle after circle was made, and still the

earlier track was undiscovered. All the afternoon was thus occupied, and, when evening came, the boys were footsore and weary—glad to throw themselves down on the first piece of springy grass : too tired even to trouble about preparing food.

The disappointment was beyond words. They had started out in the morning full of cheerful hopes of being able to render aid to their parents who (they felt sure) were in need of assistance. And now, not only was this purpose frustrated, but they themselves were in that terrible plight of being lost in the backwoods—a hundred miles or more from the haunts of white men ; with nothing but plucky hearts to help them, and limited ammunition to supply bodily needs.

The sun passed over their heads and sank somewhere beyond the forest. They could not tell where it vanished, for the camp was amid such dense surroundings that they could hardly see beyond a hundred yards through the branches.

With dusk, and after a sparse meal, it was



THE HOLDERS OF THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION CUP.

The Barnsley team which beat West Bromwich Albion in the final tie at Sheffield, on April 24th, after playing extra time. This was a replayed match, the previous meeting—at the Crystal Palace, on April 20th—having ended in a draw.

(Back row) W. L. NORMAN (Trainer).	DOWNES.	COOPER.	TAYLOR (Captain).	A. FAIRCLOUGH (Sec. and Manager).
(Middle row) GLENDENNING.		BRATLEY.	UTLEY.	
(Front row) BARTROP.	TUFNELL.	LILLYCROP.	TRAVERS.	MOORE.



decided to light a fire, more for the sake of the cheering sight than the need for warmth.

Bob was the first to rise, and as he stood upright he was heard to give vent to a decided : "Bother it !"

"What's the matter ?" grunted Alf, as he also proceeded to rise.

"Matter ?" repeated his chum. "Nothing; only I have stuck my head into a cloud of moths—big ones and little ones. There seems to be a regular party going on under this tree."

"It's that luminous patch in the tree that we've been sitting under," said Holden, at the same time drawing his friend's attention to what looked like a patch of light on the trunk of the maple about five feet from the ground.

"That's curious," remarked Bob, bending forward to examine the spot. "I wonder what it can be ? It looks like the light on one of those luminous match-boxes that are made so that you can see them in the dark."

"They say that rotten wood sometimes has that effect—"

"But this tree is quite sound. And see ! There's another the same on that tree to the right !"

It was certainly strange, and the boys picked up their guns and sauntered over to examine the next trunk, on which they found the same peculiar light attracting an equally numerous lot of moths of many descriptions.

"There's another !" exclaimed Alf, pointing ahead of him.

"And another !"

"And another !"

By this time the boys were quite excited by their discovery, and when Alf suddenly drew attention to the further discovery that the marked trees were almost in a straight line, their excitement was still further stirred.

"It's the strangest thing I ever heard of—in the natural history way," the younger lad said. "To find all these trees marked on the same side, and all in a straight line—why, it would puzzle the brains of anybody to explain it !"

Without any decided plan, and more out of curiosity than from any other motive, the

chums proceeded from one tree to another, examining each as they reached it, and marvelling all the time at what they decided as being one of the most remarkable freaks of nature that they had ever heard about.

Then they became aware of a strange sound that reached them from no great distance through the trees. It was a most remarkable sound—not that of any animal with which they were familiar ; indeed, it was not a sound that suggested any beast or bird.

"What on earth is it ?" questioned Alf, as the weird wail sighed through the forest.

"It sounds like a harmonium in distress !" replied Bob with a slight laugh. And, even as he spoke, the wail was repeated, though this time could be distinctly heard the voice of some person struggling to articulate to some musical accompaniment the words :

"Rool, Britanny ! Britanny rool waves !!"

"Britons ne-vaire—ne-vaire—ne-vaire

"Shall be sla-aves !"

(To be continued.)



## HOW TO IMPROVE AT THE ASSOCIATION GAME.

A SERIES OF EIGHT ARTICLES SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THE "B.O.P."

By JACK SHARP (the Everton and International Player).

### CHAPTER III.—SOME GENERAL HINTS.

I THINK that the majority of youthful footballers generally start at a disadvantage ; that is, they seldom take advantage of their opportunities to become more or less proficient whilst very young. But still, things are better than they were a few years ago. The biggest sinners in this respect are the Southerners ; in fact, it seems to me that the farther south you get, the less is the enthusiasm in the very young, and *vice versa*. I do know that in some parts of Great Britain the game of football is indulged in by children almost immediately they are able to toddle along, and certainly before their parents have purchased their offspring's first pair of boots.

I would not actually advocate quite such early steps in becoming proficient, but I do think that every schoolboy who is healthy should do his utmost to learn to play the game properly. Now, I am not merely referring to the acquiring of a skill in dribbling, passing, and trapping. There are other points in the game to think of, such as playing in the right spirit, and acting in such a manner that your football will not merely make you muscular and strong, but will give you a healthy brain and a clean and fair mind.

In the meanwhile, let me impress upon every youth that if he wants to be a good footballer he must take his place in some kind of a team, getting used to combining with the remainder of his side and gaining experience with an opposition. I know what some of my readers, who are novices, will say ! It is not easy to get a place in a team. Well, perhaps so, but even if you have never played before, you can always get some of your fellows to join you in a game. Don't spend quite so much time in just shooting at goal, but get more real practice.

I have seen bands of youths on some of our public grounds spending hours every day in banging a ball into an imaginary goal, made up of heaps of coats with a boy standing between them. Now, this is fairly good practice for shooting and for the boy in goal, if he has made up his mind to become a goalkeeper, but such kicking will do very little good, and it is far better to first understand, and get used to, the rough and tumble of the game, the necessity of outwitting an opponent, and the need of just a touch which will put the ball at the foot of a colleague and give your side the victory.

Banging a ball about at all angles will not make you a footballer, although, mind you, I thoroughly believe in a certain amount of shooting practice ; but I think that a knowledge of the manner in which you can acquire a thorough command of the ball should come first. If you feel that in your games with your companions you do not quite do yourself justice, put in an hour or so at dribbling and passing practice with two or three friends, and without any opposition. You should all start in a straight line at one end of the field, keeping up the same pace all the way and arrive in a straight line at the other end, having run the whole way with the ball at your toes for a few seconds and then passing from one to the other.

This is a fairly difficult feat to accomplish, but when you do manage to go the length of the field without losing the ball once, you may look upon yourself as fit to take your place in any junior team. The practice will not only have taught you to run with the ball but it will have made you an accurate passer, besides being proficient in properly trapping.

Now, let me give you young beginners a word or two of warning. Don't imagine that you are all born centre-forwards just

because the hero in your football story generally happens to play in that position and wins all the matches off his own boot. Every player, no matter what his position on the field may be, is like a link in a chain. No one can be done without, be he strong or weak. Every player must be connected with the others, and must be safe, or the team will fail. But I shall have more to say about the necessary qualities of each position and player in future chapters.

Go to a first-class match and thoroughly study the movements of experts, making up your mind to learn from men who are masters, and then try to emulate their doings in your own games. Always be obedient to your captain, no matter whether his views coincide with yours or not. He is probably a better judge of your play than you are. And, above all things, never lose your temper on the field and give way to petty feelings of spite in order to bring about the downfall of another and add to your own glory. Once you resort to underhand trickery it will be a matter of difficulty to cast it aside.

And now to another and most important point. If there has been one fault more than any other which I have noticed in junior amateur football, it has been that of slackness. Those clubs that are getting weak and are well on the way to death may generally be said to be committing suicide by means of their own apathy, for I am convinced that there are hundreds of fine players lost to the game through this cause to every one who throws it up on account of business or other claim upon his time.

I am not exaggerating when I say that on dozens of occasions I have heard dialogues on the following lines : "Oh, Jackson, old chap, you played a fine game to-day. I suppose we can rely on you for next Saturday ?

Our opponents are beastly strong."—"Well, I am not sure, but I'll let you know in any case. You see, I'm rather expecting some people over, and then I'll have to play golf. Anyhow, I'm not at all sure what engagements I may have made for Saturday, but I'll let you know."

Ye gods! What a spirit for football! There are hundreds of magnificent footballers—and cricketers too—who are wonderfully clever and worth their places in any side; yet they apparently look upon their game as a bit of a bore, and merely turn out when the spirit moves them, or because, in the words of one great international player I know, "I must do something to prevent myself getting absolutely rusty."

My advice to clubs that have, hitherto, relied upon the casual assistance of such "slackers" is, do without them, and on no account allow them to play just when they think they will. The reserves may not be quite so good, but at any rate you can rely upon them, and when they know they are to play regularly their improvement will be rapid. Only recently my advice on this point was taken, and the "star slacker" amateur was not asked to play after absents himself for two Saturdays in succession, so that when he did turn up and found a young and raw countryman playing in his place he was taken aback.

The value of the social influence on a team is shown in different ways. For instance, I have heard of sides that had rather bad reputations for the manner in which they dealt with their opponents. The honour of winning matches by fair means practically went for nothing, and in its place there came a kind of competition between the players as to who could be guilty of the most flagrant piece of unfairness and dirty play. The players seemed to start the game in bad tempers without any apparent reason, and all this was the outcome of petty quarrels in the dressing-rooms and the inability of the men to get on well together.

Let peace be made in camps such as these and bad temper will be a thing of the past. When you see a team run on to the field each with a smile and word of chaff for each other, depend upon it that they are a happy band of overgrown boys, and all the watching in the world will not divulge the slightest bit of unfair trickiness in their play. The team which is composed of eleven men all on a footing of perfect friendship does not require dirty play in order to win matches. The players understand one another to such an extent that their play "dovetails," and nothing can put them off their game.

I don't mind what you are, whether player or spectator, but I do want you all before you lay aside this copy of the *Boy's Own Paper* to make a huge resolve that the game of football shall not deteriorate in repute through any action of yours during the coming winter. Last season we had tons of evidence that in some districts the word football only stood for everything which was unfair, brutal, disgusting and foul-mouthed. I wouldn't suggest for one minute that any reader was to be blamed for this; on the contrary, I have ample proof that quite a large number of my young friends did their utmost to put down some of the worst evils; but we have all got to work hard for the good of the game, and so

we'll start getting our own houses in order and being sure they are spotless before we commence on those of our neighbours.

(To be continued.)

## OUR FRIENDS THE LIZARDS.

By Dr. RORY M'LAREN, M.D., D.Ph.,  
F.Z.S.

HAVE you ever tried to catch a slow-worm? If you happen to be a Scottish boy, I don't suppose you ever have done so; for though England is badly enough supplied in the way of lizards, Scotland is far worse off; they don't like the cold. Well, if you do try and catch one of these slow-worms (or blind-worms as they are often called), it's a pound to a penny that you will find yourself with only the tail left in your hands. These creatures have a surprisingly easy way of discarding their tails if they are roughly handled.

A good many lizards have this knack of being able to lose their tails when they think it necessary. It doesn't surprise you much in our tiny lizards here; but when you're abroad, say, and happen to have got a big chap by the tail, it gives you something of a shock when he apparently splits in halves. I well remember that happening one afternoon when I was up in the Mount Lofty hills in South Australia, trying to catch some lizards in one of the gullies. They were big brown fellows—Cunningham's *Egernia*, to give them their full name—and they were frightfully quick. However, I got one by the tail at last, just as he was skipping down a crack in some rocks, and he pulled and I pulled. He didn't budge, so I pulled a bit harder. To my intense surprise, he all at once seemed to come in halves just behind his hind legs, and I was left with a great fleshy tail in my hand. I did feel a brute!

They make very jolly pets, do these slow-worms, and are very easy to keep. They hibernate all through the winter, of course, if you have them outside; but if you are keeping them nice and warm indoors they will remain lively all the time.

How they came to be called "slow-worms" is somewhat curious. The name is

a misnomer, being simply a corruption of the old Anglo-Saxon "sla" (slay) worm. Every reptile was a "worm" to our forefathers of those days, and nearly every one was reputed to be venomous. And so it was that the country folk in their ignorance designated our lizard the "slay-worm,"—the "worm" that killed! But why it should ever have got the name of "blind-worm" is somewhat of a mystery. If you look at one, you'll see that it has quite distinct bright eyes. What is more, you'll also see it has eyelids; which at once shows you that it is not a snake, but a lizard. Snakes are without eyelids; that's how it is they always appear to be wide-awake.

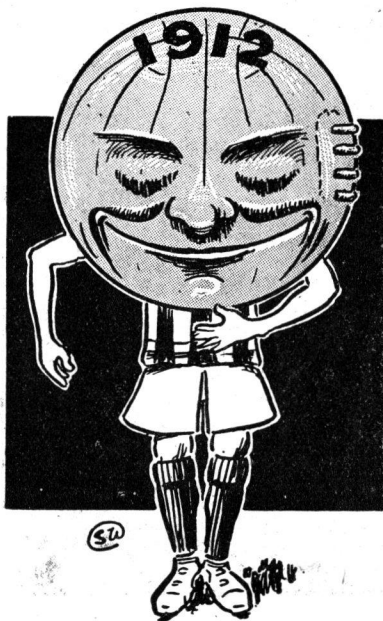
Another great point of difference, of course, between lizards and snakes is that the former are not poisonous. Curiously enough, there's just one exception to that—a lizard that lives in Mexico and Arizona, called the Heloderm. He is easily enough recognised; a thick-set chap with a very "loud" pattern of black and red on his skin. If you look out for them next holidays in the Reptile House at the "Zoo," you're almost sure to find one; there are almost always one or two there.

But some of the bigger lizards that you find in tropical countries—the Monitors or *Varanidae*—though, not poisonous, have a set of teeth and claws that would do credit to a young tiger-cat. They run up to fully six feet in length, and are altogether too big to tackle. I tried it once on a medium-sized chap about three feet long, that I thought would make a very jolly pet; but it was about as bad as tackling a full-grown cat that wants to get away—and you know what that's like!

Unfortunately, when you bring them over here, even if you do keep their cage nice and warm, they lose both their brilliant colours and their fiery temper; their skin gets dull and they become "slack" and lazy. In the "mallee scrub" of Australia, where they are fairly abundant, the first notice you generally get of one being about, is a scurry of stones and gravel, and a long shadow flying for the nearest rabbit-hole. They can get over the ground at a most amazing pace, kicking the gravel in all directions as they run. They will eat all sorts of unconsidered trifles—young rabbits, birds, fowls, and eggs, too. There is a splendid photo in Roosevelt's book, "African Game-Trails," showing one of these Monitors robbing a crocodile's nest—the lizard is just cutting off for cover, with an egg in its mouth.

In America these monitors are represented by a group of large lizards known as Iguanas. There are about three hundred different species of these known, the majority inhabiting the tropical parts of Southern and Central America. There are, however, three Iguanas which live in the Old World. One is found in Fiji, and the two others as far away as Madagascar. How did they ever get there? Why should these two have strayed so far afield?

The crocodiles and alligators give us a similar puzzle. All the alligators are found in the New World—with the exception of a single Chinese species. Perhaps it would be as well to give you some idea, at least, of what is the answer, or what we think is the answer, to this puzzle. Once upon a time, then, the alligators were spread much more widely over the world than they are now; one (which rejoiced in the terrifying name of *Diplocynodon*!) having lived in England. The same is true of the Iguanas, which we know used to live in France thousands of years ago. Probably they were still more widely spread over Europe and Africa; and those still living in Madagascar are the descendants of these, whilst the vast majority became extinct from one cause or another.



"Here we are again!"





"SMOKED OUT!"

(Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by F. W. BURTON.)